

Anna Bell

VOLUME III

NUMBER 1

OCTOBER

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HETUCK

Vol. III

NEWARK, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1902

No. 1

THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the Seniors of the
High School, Newark, Ohio.

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OUR FIRST ISSUE

Another mile-stone has been passed and The Hetuck is about to enter upon the third year of its existence, a year which we hope to make profitable in every way. We realize that if we are successful, it will be due, in part, to those who so untiringly laid for us a foundation upon which to build, and we will strive to make our attempts worthy of their work.

We wish to assure our subscribers that we will make it our chief endeavour to have the paper issued the first of each month. Owing to the delay in electing a staff, and other preliminary matters, this number is unavoidably late, but in the future The Hetuck will be out on time.

To the school in general we would say that it lies with you, to make our paper a success or a failure. With your support we are confident that we can make The Hetuck one of the best school papers in the state. Rather than complain as to the way the paper is carried on, why don't you spend your surplus energy in writing an article or getting a new subscriber? You will find every time that you will improve the paper much more in this way than to

express your disapproval of its management to other subscribers.

In this, our first issue for the year, nothing seems more appropriate than to quote a word of advice from the pen of Ralph Waldo Trine, in his "In Tune With the Infinite." He says: "Remember that the one great precept underlying all successful literary work is, Look into thine own heart and write. * * * Remember that an author can never write more than he is himself. If he would write more, then he must himself be more."

THE OHIO SOCIETY MEDAL

It has been the custom of the Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution for a number of years to offer medals for the best essays submitted to them by High School pupils on subjects relating to the American Revolution. Since 1900, however, this plan has been changed, and this year a prize of fifty dollars will be awarded for the best essay on the subject of "Paul Jones: His Connection With and Influence Upon the American Revolution." It will be remembered by the older students that in the year 1899 Mr. Walter Flory, of this school, was a successful contestant, thereby winning for himself the medal and for us the honor of having it brought to our school.

We hope that this will be an incentive to a few, at least, from our number, to compete in this contest. You can have from now until Feb. 1 to prepare, so can't old Newark again rejoice in the victory?

LIST OF PERIODICALS

The list of periodicals to be taken for the school this year differs in some instances from that of last year. The student thus inclined will find on the tables in the Reading Room the following magazines: Bookman, Harpers', Harpers' Weekly, Home Beautiful, St. Nicholas, Scribner's, World's Work, Youth's Companion, American Boy, Century, Outlook, Country Life in America, L'Illustration, The King, Illustrate Zeitung, Great Round World, Praeco Labinus and International Studio.

THE MORMONS AND THEIR CITY

FLORENCE FULTON, '03

"There is nothing," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "gives glory and grandeur and romance and mystery to a place like the impending presence of a high mountain," and to this I might add, "and a blue crystal lake at the foot of the mountain."

The first thing that fixed my attention on nearing Salt Lake City was Utah Lake, lying at the base of the mountains, with fresh waters, and swarming with trout and other fish.

Out of this flows the Jordan River, and after rambling over the land for fifty miles it pours its waters into Salt Lake, or Great Salt Lake, as it was formerly called. This is the saltiest body of water in the world and six times saltier than the ocean.

Salt Lake City is surrounded by mountains and looks as if enclosed in a cage.

Through a canyon on the eastern side of the city Brigham Young and his followers came in 1846 to seek a dwelling place. This canyon is now called Emigration Canyon, and directly south of it is Fort Douglas, the largest fort in Utah. We were shown the very path leading through the canyon and on to the Salt Lake City, over which Brigham Young traveled. While looking for this path to the mountains, I could see that the peaks were covered with snow, while where I stood it was intensely hot.

The guide pointed out to us the mountains from which the granite for the Temple was taken. A little south of this is sand-stone, which is used extensively for building purposes, and still south of this are gold mines. It is wonderful to think how nature has placed the hardest and the softest of rocks side by side, and also the gold needed to carry on the labor of getting these.

It must have been a dreary place then, and it is wonderful to think how these emigrants could have had enough courage to settle here. It was a desert then, but water has transformed it into a prosperous land.

For a time the Mormons had a great struggle to survive and could barely secure food enough to keep them from starving. The land after a while was put to use; it was first ploughed and then flooded by means of ditches dug from the creeks, and thus began the great irrigation system. The



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Mormons after a time thrived and are today, as a whole, wealthy people.

They laid out their city in a very peculiar way. The streets were numbered from Temple Square, and are so today. This makes it comparatively easy to find your way over the city after you have become accustomed to the method, but not before. I was perfectly dazed when some one told me they lived on South Main east on Fifth street. This is a puzzle: work it out. All of the streets in the city are one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, with the telephone poles in the center, which makes it very nice.

I know most people shudder at the name of Mormon and think these people different from themselves on account of their religion. One small boy told me with wondering eyes that people even thought they had horns.

The young people in general, I think, do not believe in polygamy. It is not practiced publicly, but is, to some extent, secretly. You talk to a Mormon and he will tell you he believes in it, but as the law forbids it and they are law-abiding people, they do not practice it.

The most interesting buildings in Salt Lake City are the Temple and the Tabernacle, which are in Temple Square and are enclosed by a high wall. The Temple is made of fine polished granite, which was brought by oxen from the Wasatch range of mountains, twenty miles south of the city. It was commenced by Brigham Young in 1853, and cost over three millions of dollars, all of which was donated by the Mormons. It was completed in 1893. You can gaze all you want to on the outside of the Temple, but what is a great vexation to travelers, it is not to be viewed from the inside, as it is sacred and only the best of Mormons may enter it. But once have non-Mormons entered it; this was in 1893, when about a thousand prominent business men and officials of the government, with their wives, were allowed to pass through the building. Expressions of surprise at the great beauty of its interior were heard.

The Tabernacle is the place of worship of the Mormon. It is elliptical in shape, which makes its acoustic properties wonderful, and it seats about ten thousand people. In this building is the second largest, and perhaps the finest, organ in the world. It is wonderful. I can not describe it, and you will have to hear it to appreciate it. Another

feature of the Tabernacle is its choir, which is made up of about five hundred voices.

At the opposite end of the city stands the Salt Palace, made of crystallized salt taken from the Salt Lake.

Brigham Young had his residences about a square from the Temple. They were the Bee Hive and Lion's House; in the former lived his wives. He had twenty-one in all. Each wife had her own apartments and, as the report goes, lived perfectly happy.

Brigham built for his last and favorite wife a palace which stands nearly opposite the others. Today it is owned by a wealthy miner.

One of my greatest delights while in Salt Lake City was bathing in the Salt Lake. It is so salty that you are in great misery if a drop of the water happens to get in your eye, and every drop of water when dried leaves a spot of salt.

The Lake has retreated several feet this year, and it is feared it is gradually drying up. Although fresh waters from the mountain streams are all of the time pouring into it.

The great sport in the Lake is bathing. Whole parties go in the water, lie flat on their backs, grab each other's toes (Oh, if you happen to have a corn!) and float away. You cannot possibly sink in the Lake, and it is great sport to get a person on their back and have them declare they will drown, and have them implore you to help them up.

The sunset on the Lake is probably the most beautiful sight in Utah, and is not often surpassed.

I think Utah well worth visiting. By that I mean Salt Lake City, if for nothing else, at least on account of its delightful climate.

MUSIC IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Music, in the High School, is generally considered a very minor study, consisting mainly in singing, or hearing the others sing, two selections at the morning assembly. This year it will be brought before us as an important part of the regular routine of study. After a drill of about three months, Mr. Yeardley will give a recital, consisting entirely of Mendelssohn's compositions. He will be aided in this recital by the Girls' Glee Club, which has reorganized and is under his able direction. Mr. Yeardley will also endeavor to have a soloist from some other city to assist him in this program, making it, on the whole, an event to be anticipated with much pleasure.

REALIZING HISTORY

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

The study of history from a text-book in school presents us with a very condensed outline of the great events in the progress of the ancient and modern nations, but equips us permanently with only a few dates, a few proper names, and a very vague conception of wars and tumults. The human interest, the personal element, is lacking. We sometimes meet people enthusiastic about history, and we wonder at them. To us it seems the driest of the dry.

The trouble is we do not realize history. What I mean can be better understood from the occasional experience of visiting the home of some famous man, as Washington; or the scene of some great event, like the battleground of Lundy's Lane. At once an interest springs up in us regarding the period or the event. The interest grows, and spurred on by it we read and learn a great deal about the subject. Now something akin to this experience, applied systematically to our study of history, would create in us the necessary interest, and make the subject of great profit to us, as well as an ever growing pleasure.

This realizing of history we have to produce as yet largely by our own efforts, and perhaps it is better so. The first thing to do, to bring it about, is to look at the subject of history from the viewpoint of the traveler, just as did Herodotus, who wrote the first secular history we have acquaintance with. Instead of taking an epoch of time and trying to consider what took place all over creation in that period; then doing likewise for each succeeding epoch, let us select a certain city or country, and pass in review all the important events it has witnessed. For example, Boston. Imagine a visit there; study the plan of the town, the names of the streets, the lists of principal edifices and monuments, the popular legends, the local customs. When in our fictitious ramblings we come across Faneuil Hall, the Old South Church, Green's Wharf, the Common, the Old State House, and Bunker Hill, the glorious doings that forever mark these names will appeal to us; we shall enjoy then reading of them, and we shall remember them, and see them in the proper perspective.

The material for this mode of study is comprised in geographies, maps, guide books, narratives of travel, biographies, essays, novels, and in every

species of general literature, not forgetting poetry; also particularly in pictures, which we can gather in profusion from magazines and papers. Actual travel helps most forcibly, but we can get along very well without that, if we use the other means diligently. Putting the impressions we gain into written form, as compositions; and debating questions of moment, are very strong auxiliaries. History, if vividly realized, becomes the most fruitful of studies.

In my contributions to *The Hetuck* this year, I hope to be of some service to the students of our High School by an application of this method. I shall invite them to go over some of the ground with me, in imaginary travel, that is immortalized as the scene of human struggles and achievements precursory to the enlightened civilization we enjoy as our heritage from the distant past. We shall make our way as modern travelers, and take things as they come, trying to appreciate the varied experiences that would be ours were we actually to accomplish the journey. Our route will first lead us to Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey and Greece, as the representative dominions of the Mediterranean Orient.

On the last Tuesday in February, or the first in March, presumably, we embark on one of the superb new steamships of the Royal Italian Mail Line (*Generale Navigazione Italiana*), at its pier in Brooklyn. We sail at 10 a. m., pass through the Narrows and the Lower Bay, watch Sandy Hook recede behind us, and then send back our written farewells by the harbor pilot, who leaves us here, while the ship takes a straight line course for the Azores Islands and Gibraltar. The Italian Line has a fleet of five ships, built wholly of steel, expressly for the Mediterranean service, with bilge keels that prevent rocking. The appointments are very elegant, and are patterned after the modern improvements seen on the private yachts of millionaires. The state rooms are large and airy, with running water and electric fans. The dining saloon is on the upper deck, with large windows of plate glass, and is surrounded by a promenade. Instead of the old-fashioned arrangement on other ships, the recreation decks for passengers are situated forward and aft of the deck cabins, fitted with awnings and spacious reclining chairs, and

extend across the ship. Here we can take our ease and see our course ahead. The old way requires a deck running lengthwise, where the passengers are crowded and can have a view on one side only, either port or starboard. Another line to the Mediterranean is the North German Lloyd, but its boats are decidedly inferior.

Our experiences aboard ship will scarcely be considered of historical value. We shall perhaps be surprised to find the sea quite smooth ordinarily, not so very different in its surface placidity from the water of Buckeye Lake. The atmosphere and the gentle swinging motion of the boat will combine to make us sleepy for a week or more; and two naps daily, besides our regular slumber at night, will be our minimum. We shall pick up some Italian phrases and know more about maccheroni ere the voyage ends. Sea-sickness will likely not affect us, as the chance of feeling any of its qualms is only one in ten. No matter if we do feel mean for a few days, for it helps to broaden our experience and so adds to our knowledge.

After six days of limitless waters, the beautiful mountain line of the Azores rises above the ocean, and for twelve hours these islands are in sight, with their clustering villages lying white along the shores, under the shadow of tropical forests.

Three days later the steamer enters the Mediterranean through the ancient "Pillar of Hercules," and we think of the old Phoenicians that used to venture out to deep sea at this egress, in daring quest of trade with ancient Britain. The steamer stops for a few hours at Gibraltar, the mighty rock fortress, which frowns across the strait. Crowned with the flag of England, it is guarded by 2500 hidden cannon. The sight impels us to ponder on the question why Great Britain holds this morsel of Spain, how she obtained it, and how she keeps it. We can go ashore in a row-boat, and visit the galleries high up in the rock, a part of the wonderful fortifications; the Alameda Gardens, with a profusion of sub-tropical fruits and flowers; the Moorish Market, and the kaleidoscopic mingling of nationalities and costumes in the narrow, crooked streets of the old town. Across the strait, twenty miles away, rise the highlands of Tangiers, Africa, as primitive a settlement as could be found in the Far East. Once a week a small steamer plies thither and back. Richard Harding Davis used the town as the scene of his

story, "The Exiles," and tomorrow, while the ship steams onward, would be a good time to read it.

Four days later, after passing meantime the shores of Sardinia, we enter the Bay of Naples. A memorable spectacle lies before us, heightened in sublimity by the purplish islands of Capri and Ischia, the lazily curling smoke from green Vesuvius, and the entrancing loveliness of a vast extent of marble palaces rising in tiers from the sea. We find we are to tarry here for several days, at the Hotel Royal des Etrangers, adjoining the splendid park, "La Chiaja," facing the Bay; and we are confronted at once with a variety of delightful sensations and experiences, incident to strange sight-seeing in this cosmopolitan city, whose name of Napoli ("New City") is oddly at variance with its great antiquity, for we must turn back to five hundred years before Christ to find its origin from a settlement by colonizing Greeks, who gave it the name it still bears. This was before Herodotus wrote, and longer yet ere Athens became superb under Pericles; indeed, the Persians had not yet met their fate at Marathon and Salamis. Rome at this time was comparatively a small town, about as old as Boston is now. If we should visit Capri, that "goat-island" out there a few miles in the Bay, we should look upon a population of straight descent from the settlers of Magna Graecia, "old families," indeed.

There is enough to see in Naples to keep us on the alert, and space is not sufficient to tell a twentieth. There is the National Museum, full of the treasures and objects of interest found at Pompeii and Herculaneum; half a dozen typical Italian churches, old, rambling, dirty, and utterly fascinating; at the end of the curved shore line, opposite the Vesuvius district, is the tomb of Virgil, a site selected by himself in advance of its use; here too is the very strange Grotto of Posilipo, a tunnel two thousand years old for vehicles on the highway. An excursion by electric cars takes us to Pozzuoli, where we spend two hours afoot, visiting the Temple of Serapis and the Amphitheatre, both extremely ancient; and the volcanic crater Solfatara. At Sorrento, on the Bay, reached by carriage, we can visit the orange groves and eat fresh fruit from the trees; also see the home of our American novelist, F. Marion Crawford. The shop windows of Naples are full of tortoise shell and coral articles, a specialty of the town.

A short ride by rail or carriage brings us to Pompeii, where we are surprised at the extent already uncovered, and at the fact that not "a half has yet been told" of this embalmed city of antiquity. We pass through its gate in the original wall; walk on its veritable pavements; peer through the windows of its meat markets, drug stores, barber shops, bakeries, and wine shops; climb to the gallery seats of its theatre, by stone steps worn half through; stroll through the spacious and luxurious bath houses, the like of which no modern city even faintly imitates, with tubs and swimming basins, seats, clothes-closets, corridors and mosaic pavements, all of the finest and rarest marbles. We call at the sumptuous homes of some of the eminent citizens, untenanted for nineteen hundred years, and not content with the views of the reception halls, parlors, and courtyards, we audaciously prowl around the bedrooms and kitchens, filled with wonder at all we behold.

Some of us take a day to visit Vesuvius. We ride in carriages as far as the Observatory, then are hoisted up the cone of lava by a funicular railway, and lastly walk a few yards, stepping cautiously over glowing lava, and dodging frequent showers of brickbats tossed up from the molten interior to fall into its seething mass again, or along the edge; and with ropes about our waists as life preservers, we crawl along carefully and peer over the rim of the crater, gazing at the most diabolically realistic spectacle ever presented at five dollars a ticket. Spartacus assembled the revolting gladiators in this crater as a rendezvous, in the earlier days of Rome's history, and recited in stirring English the declamation composed expressly for the occasion by Elijah Kellogg, familiar to us older schoolboys; but we feel certain that under present circumstances he would not repeat the performance.

WELSH SAYINGS

Three things not easily done—To allay thirst with fire, dry wet with water, to please all in everything that is done. Three things as good as their better—Dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wood sword to a coward. Three things of short continuance—A lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood. Three miseries of a man's house—A smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

HOW I CAME TO HIGH SCHOOL

—, '06

I used to go to town once in a while, but I never seen no place outside of the livery stable an' the place Paw put his market wagon 'till I started to go to school at town. I went to our school ten whole years and learned a heap from Uncle Josh, who's awful smart; he knows his A B C's backwards, an' him and Paw sed I was ready to go to High School.

So, this morning, the 10th day of September, I started on our brindle mare to come to town to finish up my education. I was all sported up; I had on a brand new rubber collar, turned down at the corners, an' a big red necktie, tied in an awful nice bow—Aunt Martha tied it. I wore Paw's suit what he wore when he was a boy. He said it were stilish an' all the girls were stuck on him when he wore it, an' I had my shoes all blacked up with Ma's stove polish. It made them look red o' slick and awful pretty. The only thing I had on that looked kind of bum was my big straw hat; it was tore 'round the brim, but it didn't look bad, 'cause Maw kinder fixed it up an' put a bright red band around it. I looked so cute that some girls really smiled at me when I came riding into town.

I put my horse in the livery stable an' then asked the fellow what keeps it the way to the High School. I started out the way he told me, an' I knew when I came to the school house 'cause I heard the teacher ringing the bell inside. I didn't suppose it was near nine o'clock yet, an' when I heard the bell I ran, 'cause I didn't want to be late, but the kids 'round the house didn't run, an' that puzzled me, 'cause Uncle Josh just used to lam us if we were late.

I met a man in the hall who told me to take off my hat an' I done it, an' then I asked him where I had to go. He asked me if I was a freshman, an' I told him if I was it was the first time I had heard tell of it. Then he asked me if I wanted to take the Latin, German, English or Commercial course. I said I wanted to take the course that led me to my school room, but I didn't see what Latin or German had to do with it. Then he asked me what I wanted to study, an' I told him I didn't care whether I begun on readin', writin', or spellin' or geography.

He pointed out a room to me an' I came in.

There wasn't but three people in here besides me when I came in, so I reckon they have to be pretty smart to get in here. After a long time a man came in an' asked me some things, an' then he said he would tend to me later an' went away. I got kinder lonesome waitin', so I thought I would write you this. I expect next time you hear from me I will be doin' wonders, for I am goin' to study hard and show these town boys what we country boys can do.

WHY THE STARS ARE

FLOSSIE HERSHBERGER, '03

Did it ever occur to you what and why the stars are? A little birdie came down from his celestial abode and told me all about them the other day. As I do not consider it a secret, I think it no harm to tell you the sad story.

A long time ago, probably about the time of Adam and Eve, there lived somewhere in the world a fairie queen whose stature was many times larger than that of ordinary fairies. Her subjects were the tiniest mortals that could exist. These millions of little fairies loved their queen better than their own lives, and the queen was devoted to them equally as much. They lived in fairy style, and enjoyed the luxuries of fairy land. Not far from the abode of these sprites was a large cave, in which lived a giant. Considering the fairies insignificant, fortunately for the little creatures, the giant did not disturb fairy-land.

One day the fairies explored the cave during the giant's absence. But he returned and found them in his home. At this the giant became so furious that he picked up the fairies by the handfuls and threw them far into space.

When the queen heard of the destiny of her subjects, she made them immortal beings and called them stars. She went with her magic wand to punish the giant. But before she had time to speak, she, too, was thrown out an infinite distance. Not being able to find her subjects, she mourned incessantly. Finally she made herself immortal and named herself Sun. She placed the giant in the celestial sphere as a cold, dark body, and called him Moon.

Every day she comes at daybreak,
Traveling slowly through the sky;
Watching, waiting, lingering, longing,
For her starry subjects high.

Every night those little subjects
Come to hunt their Fairy Queen;
Mr. Moon, why don't you tell them
'Tis in daytime she is seen.

Sad it is for those dear creatures,
That they can't be guided right;
Why don't the stars come in the daytime,
Or the sun come in the night?

Mr. Moon, you are to blame, sir,
For at night you see the sun,
Else how would your cold, dark body
Give night-light to everyone?

But some nights the stars grow weary,
And instead of watchful eyes
Tears begin to fall in torrents,
And the thunder sounds their cries.

Likewise Fairie Sun, too, weepeth,
For her great bright eye doth hold
Waters for all the living verdure—
These her tears, so I am told.

Still these patient stars are seeking,
Ever seeking, for their queen;
But day and night can't come together,
So they'll see her only in their dream.

When you're sad and tired and weary,
And wish you were a little star;
You would have to share their trouble—
So better stay just where you are.

BASKET BALL NOTES

With the opening of the school term, the Girls' Basket Ball team has reorganized for the season. Only eight old members being present, two new ones were chosen, and a new captain, treasurer and business manager elected. The membership consists of the following: Ethel Brillhart ('03), captain; Florence Fulton ('03), business manager and treasurer; Ethel Metz, Frances Priest, Julia Braunhold ('03), Bertha Fulton, Lillian Kammerer, Helen Jones and Charlotte Neal ('05), and Helen Weiant ('04).

It has been rumored that another team will be organized, with members from the Junior and Freshman classes.

CAN'T STICK TO ANYTHING

He—I can't seem to stick to anything.
She—Try sitting on fly-paper.

MUSIC---ITS ORIGIN, ETC.

N. B. YEARDLEY, Supervisor of Music

[An address delivered before the Newark High School, September 15, 1902]

Music is the oldest of all arts. It is more universally unknown and practised than any other art, and yet it is the most difficult of all to define. This difficulty arises because by it we seek to express that which is inexpressible in words. From the didactic or scientific standpoint, it may be briefly defined as "the science and art of tones." Three essential elements enter into its composition—rhythm, melody and harmony. The first of these satisfies the untutored savage, whose "tom-tom," or Indian drum, possesses no other musical quality than a harsh sonorousness, the monotony of which is only varied by the stronger or feebler beat given by the performer. As we rise in the scale of being, from the bird-voiced and monkey-shaped Ajetas of the Philippine Islands to the home of culture and refinement, a Beethoven or a Mozart become not only a possibility, but a necessity. It is no greater stride from the barbaric death-chant to the grand Ninth Symphony, than from the infant stumbling over the alphabet to a Demosthenes or a Shakespeare.

Just how old music is, no one knows; but as far back as history, mythology, and fable extend, evidences are found that the musical art was practised. Egyptian sculpture bore images of harps, flutes and other musical instruments as early as 3000 to 4000 B. C., and it is said that in China, at the command of the Emperor, Hoang-Ty, between 2000 and 3000 B. C., Ling Lun undertook the theoretical formation of scales. In India, also, as the vedas, or books of prayer, prove, musical culture dates from antiquity. Music with the ancients was a very broad term, including astronomy and all the arts over which the Muses were supposed to preside. Later among the Greeks, it signified that what we call music, with the addition of dancing and lyric poetry, usually recited to an accompanying harp. Musical contests entered largely into the four solemn games of the Greeks—the Olympic, Pythian, Isthmian and Nemean.

Some historians inform us that music prevailed in Egypt before it was known in Greece. These authors derive its name from a word which is

primitive in the Egyptian language, and attribute the invention of the art to the stridulous murmur of the winds whistling through reeds or other vegetable tubes which grew upon the banks of the River Nile. Egyptian mythology celebrates the god Hermes, or Mercury, as the inventor of music.

But for the antiquity of music, we are not limited to these traditions. As there is no authentic account of any nation absolutely destitute of religious ideas, however erroneous, so there is no race or people without a notion of music, however crude. In every instance, among the most barbarous tribes, music has been used to assist in expressing something emotional, or at all events, something beyond the material, however vaguely and unsatisfactorily. For this reason it is usually found associated with religious rites, or as a symbol of mourning or lamentation, even among savage nations.

As to the earliest instruments of these ancient peoples, historical research has discovered all three kinds known to modern art; namely, percussion, wind and strings. It is natural to suppose that the rude instruments of percussion, such as drums, cymbals, etc., preceded the wind instruments, represented by the flute, trumpet, etc., and that the harp or lyre, being more complicated in structure, was the latest development, which finally culminated in the modern grand piano. Just what position the human voice occupied in the evolution of music, it is impossible to determine; but as a man is a vocal as well as a musical animal, it may be inferred that primitive races would just as probably have received musical suggestions from the modulation of their own voices as from the extrinsic sounds of nature; nor is the act of singing less instinctive in man than in birds, though his powers are more extensive and more susceptible of cultivation. Those who have been attentive to the music of the groves tell me that, though the feathered warblers have a musical instinct, yet the modes of its exertion are as truly acquired by birds from their parents as by men from their tutors.

Music is a language, the ideal of speech; we

can even imagine its existence before articulate speech was known. Birds sang in the Garden of Eden before Adam gave them a name. A singing-bird was the first music-master. The wind, breathing through water reeds, sighing through the forest, hissing through tall grasses, the rhythmic beat of the crested waves, the monotonous bass of the waterfall, all these made harmony, and melody before Pythagorus dreamed of the music of the spheres, or Hermes declared music to be the knowledge of the order of all things.

There is an extremely poetic belief among the Scotch Highlanders that the sense of hearing becomes so exquisitely keen at the approach of death that nature's divine symphony can be heard, with all its ravishing sweetness, dulling the sense of pain and reconciling the soul to its departure. From this superstition, if we will, comes their custom, as the last hour approaches, of bearing the dying from the close "sheeling" to the open air, where, undisturbed, he can listen, as Humboldt expresses it, "to the thousand voices of Nature speaking to the pious and thoughtful soul of man."

The influence of music, in past ages, and among by gone peoples, it is difficult now to estimate; but it has gone hand in hand with intellectual and aesthetic culture, and has ever been reckoned a divine art, an acknowledged force in moulding character and governing men. The historian Radan relates a curious Hindoo legend celebrating the power of music: Men and animals move in harmony with the musician's wand, while all animate and inanimate nature obeys the influence of music composed by the god Mahedo and his wife Parlutea. In the reign of Akbar, a celebrated musician sang a "raga" consecrated to the night in open day. Immediately the sun was eclipsed, and darkness spread as far as the voice was heard. There was another "raga" which burned him who dared to sing it. Akbar, desiring to make a trial of it, ordered a musician to sing this song while plunged up to the neck in the sacred river Jumna. In vain—the unfortunate singer became a prey to the flames. If these ancient legends convey no other lesson, they certainly indicate a profound and widespread conviction of the power of music.

Leaving an atmosphere that savors of fable, it is a matter of record that Alexander the Great was roused to fury by the Phrygian, and calmed by the Lydian melodies of Timotheus. It is also related

that an insurrection in Sparta was quelled by Terpander, who sank skilfully to the accompaniment of his harp. I question, however, the wisdom of arming the police of this city with flutes and guitars as a means of preserving the peace.

As to ancient vocal music, we have very little knowledge, the oldest melodies preserved dating only back to the beginning of the Christian Era; for through the Dark Ages music was kept alive less by the written words than by tradition. In the churches its religious element preserved it, while the minnesingers and troubadours, singing of knightly deeds, made it an essential accomplishment for those who sought welcome in royal courts and kings' palaces. Yet to the meistersingers, rather than the minnesingers, do we owe that which was best worth preserving—the popular element in music; since a language, an art, a religion, to live, must have its abiding-place among the homes and in the hearts of the common people. By the "popular element" in music I do not refer to that which characterizes the "coon songs," the "rag-time," and the doggerel ditties of the present day, as their alleged popularity is too ephemeral to warrant the use of the word "popular" in its true sense. The beautiful "folk-songs" of all lands are deservedly popular because they embody heart-sentiments as enduring as humanity itself. "The Old Folks at Home" may be cited as perhaps the most popular song in the world, it having been translated into the language of every civilized country on the face of the globe, and even into the dialects of some of the islands of the sea. Those old guilds of the meistersingers, numbering neither knights nor nobles in their ranks, but recruited from the burghers, tradesmen, craftsmen, and common citizens—constituting, indeed, a genuine democracy—made Germany a musical people, ready for Luther's hymns, to which, indeed, music gave wings, doing even more than the great Reformer's preaching for the spread of his doctrines.

Music had at last become the people's possession; not alone a source of enjoyment for the refined and cultivated, but a mighty means for a mighty end—for the civilization and improvement of all classes. From the hour that music ceased to be the exclusive possession of musicians, like religion when it passed from the hands of the clergy, its power became infinite.

But, alas, much that was bad and meretricious gathered about the beautiful shrine of music, till

many were blinded, and mistook the fogs and mists that hid the sun for eternal darkness itself. "Away with it all!" said the Puritan; "the monkish mockeries and the monkish music! It is all evil. We will have none of it! We will have straight lines. Curves are crooked lines and lead to the devil, whether they be called curves of beauty or curves of sound. Music and dancing are sin! We will have none of them!" Ah! those stern old Puritans! How strange and paradoxical that they should follow so earnestly the angel of righteousness, and yet so deliberately turn their backs upon her twin sister, the angel of beauty! Yet, spite of the stern, straight-laced old Puritans, beauty and harmony came over in the Mayflower with youth, and love, and life. Music might be stifled for awhile, but the birds still sang, the waves still beat, winds murmured through the forests, the whole world was full of music; consciously or unconsciously, the hearts of those who listened to nature's matin and vesper hymn grew purer, braver, more aspiring.

A reaction was natural and it was as speedy as could have been expected. Little more than two centuries have passed, and the growth of our country politically and numerically is not more astounding than the change in the inner life—in the hunger and thirst for the once forbidden fruit in the land of the Puritans.

As a nation we are not yet a musical people in the sense in which Germany is musical; but there is a decided movement among the people which is a sign of promise. Music is no longer regarded as simply an accomplishment. Like the Greeks, we are realizing the necessity of aesthetic culture if we would have our young men and young women developed into well-rounded, harmonious characters.

How is this great power of music to be controlled and brought to bear most efficiently on our people? Only so far as any art or science becomes a part of popular education, can that art or science become a power, an influence in a land. If, as we contend, music is in itself purifying and elevating; if it can crowd out and displace baser pleasures by giving innocent recreation and excitement to a people that must be amused, a people that must be busy for good or evil, we can not have too much of it; it can not enter too largely, too deeply, into the system of common school education.

The kindred arts of painting and sculpture reached their greatest perfection in ancient Greece five hundred years before the Christian Era. Music as an art was then in its infancy, or had made but little progress beyond the crude forms of the past. But it was destined to expand into one of the chief elements of modern civilization, as essential to our aesthetic and spiritual growth as air and sunshine to the physical.

"Music," says Addison, "is about all there is of heaven on earth." We do not always understand the full beauty of the message it speaks to our hearts, but we know that it tells, in ringing, triumphant strains, or anon in sad and pleading tones, something higher and more spiritual than has ever come to us from all the myriad voices of the great material world—for too often they ring in our ears like "sweet bells jangled and out of tune." Well may we ask, in the beautiful words of Jean Paul Richter: "O music! thou that bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future one?"

TRIBUTES TO WOMAN

Confucius—Woman is the masterpiece. Herder—Woman is the crown of creation. Voltaire—Women teach us repose, civility and dignity. Ruskin—Shakespeare has no heroes—he has only heroines. John Quincy Adams—All that I am my mother made me. Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, she alone can restore it. Bulwer—To a gentleman every woman is a lady in the right of her sex. Lamartine—There is a woman at the beginning of all great things. E. S. Barrett—Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave. Gladstone—Woman is the most perfect when most womanly. N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife. Beecher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity. Voltaire—All the reasonings of a man are not worth one sentiment of a woman. Leopold Schefer—But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is a mother. Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity. Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

SEE THE PEOPLE'S RACKET MILLINERY AND SKIRT DEPARTMENT. NUF CED

LOCALS

Mr. Austin was unable to teach his classes on account of illness, Sept. 15th.

Lester Peck, of the Sophomore Class, has withdrawn and moved to Chicago.

The new teacher, Miss Elizabeth Thomas, is heartily welcomed by the Sophomores.

In the near future the Commercial Freshmen will have new desks like the Sophomores in No. 8.

Some time before Christmas an entertainment will be given in the High School for the benefit of the library and reading room. No new books have been purchased for three years.

Mr. Ray Evans has been elected vice president of the Senior Class, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Norton Beecher, on account of his withdrawal from school.

The Juniors have not been letting the grass grow under their feet, but have already elected their officers. Earl Alspach now bears the title of president; Norton Sutor, vice president; Clyde Irwin, treasurer, and Laurel Young, secretary.

We were benefitted by a very interesting talk from Prof. Childs in chapel on the first day of school. While his address was principally designed for the benefit of the Freshmen, we are sure that every one who heard it has been able to draw inspiration from it to help them in their work.

The German pupils are happy in having Miss Wotring, who has spent the last year abroad, with them once more, which pleasure is mingled with regret for the absence of Miss Foos, who was the German teacher last year, and who has their best wishes for her welfare during her sojourn in Hanover, Germany.

The present school term bids fair to be a very successful one. The older classes gladly welcome a large incoming class of Freshmen, while it is much to be regretted that several members of the other classes have withdrawn. The total enrollment

is 264; Seniors 38, Juniors 43, Sophomores 75 and Freshmen 109.

Miss Musa Beall, the secretary of the Senior Class, was ill at her home north of town during the first week of school. It being suggested in class meeting that some of the class call on her during her illness, the motion was made that the duty be delegated to the president. We wonder why the class took it for granted that he would attend to it, and no one seconded the motion; we also wonder why every one laughed.

The pupils were highly entertained on Monday, the 15th, by a very interesting lecture on music given in the chapel by the new music teacher, Mr. Yeardley. A new interest is awakening among the pupils in this study, and the singing already shows much improvement. Heretofore the boys have occupied the seats on the east side of the chapel and the Seniors have sat on the very front seats. At Mr. Yeardley's suggestion, the seating has been changed, the boys now sitting on the opposite side of the room, and the Seniors at the rear, with the Freshmen on the front seats.

Why is it that so many people turn to the local column first? It is simply because man was made curious by nature, and in reading the locals he can find out more about his acquaintances in half a minute than he can by reading half an hour on other articles that only give him some idea as to the writer's ability, and nothing at all about anyone else. Another fact plainly evident is that the reader's opinion of the whole periodical is often formed by what he reads first, and oftentimes he becomes discouraged in the beginning and determines not to make a second trial. With this in mind, the local editor will earnestly endeavor to make her page as interesting as possible, and will be more than grateful for any newsy bits given her by the High School pupils.

DR. W. G. CORNE, DENTIST

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SEE THE PEOPLE'S RACKET MILLINERY AND SKIRT DEPARTMENT. NUF CED

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Howard Brillhart has returned to O. S. U. to resume his studies at that place.

Miss Jean Moore landed in London last week. She will spend the year in travel and study.

Mr. Aaron Warman, the president of last year's class, is in Gambier, attending Kenyon College.

Miss Mary Neal, of '01, who attended Denison last year, has gone east to enter Wellesley College.

Olive Spencer, Helen Crane and Merrill Montgomery are attending Denison University, at Granville.

Cassie Hillier is taking a post-graduate course in German. We are glad to have her with us for another year.

Mr. Verne Priest and Mr. Louis Daerr, two popular members of the Class of 1902, have entered O. S. U.

Miss Bessie Laird, of '02, has secured a position as teacher at Parkersburg, W. Va. She has

our best wishes for success in her new field of labor.

Mabel Phillips, of '02, who so often delighted us with her vocal selections, is now in Cincinnati, having entered the Conservatory of Music at that place.

We are glad to note, through the columns of The Denisonian, that Ralph B. Miller, president of the Class of '01, has been elected to fill the same office in his class at the University.

We advise the Juniors to see Walter Davis before selecting their class pins, as his employment under Mr. Bostwick, the jeweler, has doubtless made him a good authority on this subject.

It is a pleasure to note that so many of the Class of 1902 have decided to add to their education by taking a college course. It reflects credit well, not only on them, but on the school, that they are interested in the pursuit of knowledge.

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

The first day of school, when the faces of the Seniors should have been wreathed in smiles and their hearts happy and gay, sorrow prevailed, especially among the girls (but the boys were not exempt), for, as each one entered the cloak room, she, or he, walked from one end to the other, evidently looking for something which they failed to discover. The faces gradually grew longer, and the smiles turned to frowns. All corners were investigated, but the missing article failed to materialize. The girls (and boys) took their hats off with care and sorrowfully smoothed their locks into place, and, with one eye on the lookout for Miss Moore through the door, each one asked in a distressed voice of some one near them, "Does my hair look all right?" Perhaps you have guessed what the thing that wasn't was—it was only the mirror, but was sadly missed.

It was the third day when the clouded faces cleared, as a sister classmate was seen bearing in a trophy which made all hearts glad—again it was only a mirror, but after it had been hung on its accustomed nail, the girls smiled, and the boys—they smiled also—they said they were laughing at the girls, but we notice they made use of the mirror.

TO ATTEND SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND

The Senior Class misses one of its brightest members, Miss Amy Everett, who sailed for Europe Sept. 20th, where she will attend school in Switzerland this winter, supplementing her school work with continental travel. She is attended by the best wishes of her classmates, who look forward to hearing from her frequently through the pages of The Hetuck.

HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL

Leaves have their time to fall,

And so likewise have I;

The reason, too, 's the same,

Both comes of getting dry;

But here's the difference 'twixt you and me,

I fall more harder and more frequently.

IN OCTOBER'S LAP

As to the mosque old Time, the sultan, passed

Between the beggar months around the gate,

He in October's lap superbly cast

His golden largess and went in, elate.

Teacher—And what was the tree with the forbidden fruit?

Johnny Brooklyn—Must 'a' been a rubber plant.

ROUND TABLE

In looking over the exchanges of the past year, we find some very good ideas. We might mention especially the attractive way in which The Blue Stocking, of Columbus; The High School Monthly, of Bay City, Michigan; The Oak, of Wisalia, California, and The Academy Student, of Weeping Water, Nebraska, are gotten up. They have beautiful covers which delight the eye, and well-filled pages which delight the mind.

We, as the new editorial staff of The Hetuck, begin our work feeling the responsibility we have of trying to please so many. But we feel, too, that since we have made up our minds to put forth a true and honest effort with all earnestness, that we may meet with some approval, for we see in some of the exchanges of last year that The Hetuck has been appreciated, and we have every reason to believe will be in the future.

We have seen very few papers from schools in the Southern part of the Union, but we feel very sure that some of that kind of work is being done there. We hope to have a number on our exchange list in a short time.



The Denisonian came to us quite promptly. We think that their being exactly on time with their paper right at the beginning counts a great deal on what they may wish to accomplish.



The papers coming to us from the Far West last year were full of interest to us and we anticipate enjoyment from their columns during the year to come.



All students wishing to read the exchanges will find them on the tables in the Reading Room.

The Young Men's Christian Association

**Offers Special Class Instruction in the Gymnasium to High School Students
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3:45 P. M.**

OUR NEW LABORATORY

ETHOL BRILLHART, '03

Among the recent improvements in the High School is the Chemical Laboratory, which has just been completed.

What were formerly two small, poorly-lighted rooms in the basement, with only a cement floor, have now been converted into one of the most attractive rooms in the building.

A new floor and the plastering of the walls and ceiling have done much toward improving the room. The radiators and pipes have also been bronzed, presenting a more attractive appearance than did the old iron ones. The furniture is all of polished oak and is excellent in every detail. The students' chemical tables are provided with individual drawers and cupboards, with locks attached; on top are the shelves for reagent bottles, the fountain hydrants and gas fixtures.

In front of the recitation chairs, which are placed on a platform in the middle of the room,

are three instructors' tables, one of which is the Cole apparatus. Back of these are the large physical cabinets, with glass doors, also of polished oak.

On the west side there are two glass cases, one for microscopes, scales and other apparatus, the other for botanical and zoological supplies. On the west side there is one used exclusively for glassware.

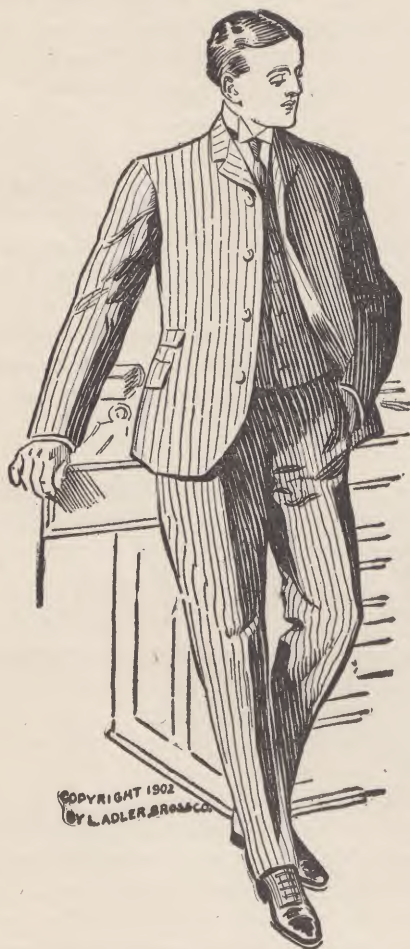
The tables for individual experiments in Physics are placed on the west and south sides, near the physical cabinets.

The cost of all this was about one thousand dollars, which, considering the advantages it gives the students, is not very expensive.

The readers of The Hetuck will recognize in the new laboratory a carrying out of the plans outlined by Prof. Austin in a last year's copy of this paper. Indeed, we are very proud of our new possession, and extend our thanks to the Board of Education for filling this long-felt want.

Others Like Them---So Will You! THE FORTUNE OF THE PRESCOTT FAMILY

FERN HARRIS, '03



The New Fall Suits
Overcoats and
Furnishings at
ROE EMERSON'S

"It is just simply dreadful," exclaimed Alice, as she shut her book with a slam, "I cannot read nor study, nor do anything but think what a position we are in. I feel hateful towards everyone, and everyone around here looks at me as though I had committed a great crime—except Jack, dear old Jack—he is the only comfort I have."

"Well, never mind, dear," returned her mother, "all may be for the best. You know the old saying is that 'what can't be cured must be endured,' so we must make the best of it."

"Yes, but I'm afraid it will be a poor best. Why, mother, just think, you are not strong enough to work very much, and as for myself—what can I do? I can't teach school, nor music, nor painting. Well, the truth is, I'm rather a 'Jack of all trades and master of none.' Then Bobby and Vida must be kept in school, and who is to make any money except Jack. He can't do it all. If that old uncle of ours would just come home, perhaps he would help us. If I knew where he was, I surely would write and ask him to."

The Prescotts had at one time been among the highest families in that section; but an unlucky investment had caused them to lose nearly everything with the exception of their beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson. This Mr. Prescott had managed to keep by using almost his last dollar to pay on it.

There had been a few acres attached to the place and from these and the money Jack had been earning, they had managed to live in tolerable comfort. In about a year after his failure, Mr. Prescott had died, and to pay the expenses incurred by his death the land belonging to the place had to be sold.

Two years had passed, and now the money which the sale of the farm had brought in was gone; the taxes were due and nothing to pay them with. Mrs. Prescott had been notified that they must be paid or her home sold.

They had many friends and neighbors, and as Mrs. Prescott was not a woman who suffered in silence, they all knew what their circumstances were.

Before Mr. Prescott's death they had been quite friendly with a Mr. Taylor, who since that time

had been a frequent caller and was Mrs. Prescott's adviser in nearly all matters. He had listened gravely while she told him how they must leave their beautiful home for a garret, perhaps, in the city, where Alice and she could get work to do.

Then Mr. Taylor had proposed that Mrs. Prescott should give Alice to him for a wife and he would pay the taxes and place a large amount to their credit in the Albany bank.

Mrs. Prescott had eagerly assented to this plan, without even thinking that Alice might have something to say on the subject, and had promised to send Alice to him immediately.

Mr. Taylor had waited in the parlor for half an hour, and no Alice had appeared; he began to grow uneasy, for he knew he was taking a mean advantage of them, and rather doubted if Alice would come at all.

When Mrs. Prescott had found Alice she was in the library, deeply interested in an old book of her father's. It was a book that had been in the library when Mr. Prescott's father had bought the place, and contained much of the history of the family who had first owned it.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, and Mrs. Prescott came rushing into the room, "I—" but she got no further, for she saw that something unusual had happened, and waited for her mother to speak.

"Alice! Alice! We won't have to leave our home. Mr. Taylor has promised to pay the debt and give us a large sum of money, too, if—if you will—You will, won't you, Alice? You don't want to leave Sunnybank, do you?"

"Why, no, mother; I don't want to leave home. But what is it you want me to do?"

"Mr. Taylor will do all this if you will marry him."

"Marry him? Marry him? That old man old enough to be my father? And you want me to do this, mother? Never! Not if he were rich as Croesus, and we were starving! You can tell him I said No. Do you understand me, mother?" and Alice left the library and ran up the stairs to her own cozy room, where she threw herself on the bed and cried; but after she had cried for a time she got up and removed all traces of her tears, and sat down to think.

"Oh, if Jack were only here," she said. "He will be home tonight, but I need him now."

"Well, he's here," replied a cheery voice, and

turning around, Alice discovered her brother standing in the door.

"I'm so glad you've come, Jack! Do you know? Has mother told you?"

"She did not tell me, but I heard old Taylor saying something in the parlor that gave me the impression that something was wrong. So you tell me, sis, what the trouble is."

Laying her head on his shoulder, Alice related to him how Mr. Taylor had wished to purchase her for a wife, how angry she had been, and the answer she sent him.

"And so you were not willing to be sold? Of course not; you did perfectly right. I wouldn't have you marry him for all the money he has. I saw a nice little cottage in Albany today, and we can get it."

"Then you and mother can take in needle-work to help along a little, and what with the carfare I can save, we can manage nicely. Now aren't you proud of your brother, Alice? I have made all the arrangements, and we can go as soon as you and mother can get the things packed."

"I assure you it won't take long, for I couldn't possibly stay here much longer, knowing what I do. But Jack, what do you suppose I found in that old book of father's today? It told of an old man whose name was Nicholas Dietrich coming over here and building this house over a hundred years ago. He was very wealthy, and had his widowed sister and her daughter living with him. They expected that he would leave his property to them, but for some reason he did not, and he is supposed to have hidden a large box of golden coins here in this house. After his death his sister and niece, who received only a small amount of his property, searched the house over, and even had an old portion of it torn down, where he was often seen. But all to no avail—he had hidden it where they could not find it. The house was searched by nearly everyone who came to live in it, and when Grandfather bought it, nothing was said of the matter. Now what if you and I could find that box, Jack; we could pay all our debts and have lots of money left besides."

Just then Mrs. Prescott came in with tears in her eyes and very agitated.

"Oh, that dreadful man," she cried. "He has threatened to turn us outdoors, and I can't tell all. He says he will buy this place, and make us get out, whether we wish to or not."

"Never mind, mother mine," replied Jack, throwing his arm around her. "He can't buy this place and turn us out in less than two weeks so don't worry, mother. Those two weeks will give Alice and I time to carry out a little plan of ours, and then mother, we have a home picked in Albany, and are going to get along nicely."

"All right, my children; I leave matters in your hands entirely," and Mrs. Prescott left them.

"Now, Jack, where will we begin to look for that money? I have heard of secret chambers and sliding panels, and hidden drawers in tables and desks, but I don't believe there is anything of that kind here. Shall we begin to look in this room?"

"I'll get a stick and rap on the walls to see if there is any hollow place behind them," replied Jack; and the two set diligently to work, and from the amount of hammering and rapping that came from the room one would have thought they were building a house.

"No use; there are no sliding panels or secret chambers behind these walls. Might as well try the library next, sis."

So they descended to the library, and after a diligent search discovered nothing. At the supper table that evening Mrs. Prescott asked what they had been doing that made so much noise.

"Oh, Alice was just showing me how she was going to make old Taylor walk the chalk when she got him," laughed Jack, and he dodged just in time to escape being struck by a hot roll which Alice had picked up and thrown at him. "Just wait, sis, I can feed myself alone, and I don't care for rolls in that way—rather take them in smaller portions."

"Jack, I wish you would watch Mr. Taylor, so if he buys Sunnybank we will know it and can see what arrangements we can make with him," said Mrs. Prescott.

Alice and Jack spent a number of days following in doing nothing but search for the hidden treasure. Their mother often questioned them about their doings and the mysterious raps and taps heard in all parts of the house, but they kept their secret to themselves. During the time Mr. Taylor had bought Sunnybank and had given them orders to move in ten days, unless they could pay him the sum the house had cost him.

"What can we do, Jack? We have hunted this old house from cellar to garret, and still no box has come to view, and Jack," with a little sob, "to-

morrow is the last day, and then we must leave dear old Sunnybank. Come, let us go out under the lime tree for awhile, and take a last walk along the old Hudson."

"All right, Sis; don't give way now," and a suspicious looking drop rolled down his cheek, as he hurried away to get his hat. When he returned Alice was waiting for him on the porch. "How pretty she is, and what a shame that she must leave Sunnybank, where she would make such a lovely mistress," he thought, as he looked at her; and indeed Alice was looking more than pretty in white dress and hat, with her parasol held carelessly over her shoulder.

"No more walks along the river for us, Jack; come, let us sit down here and talk," said Alice. "Do you know, I have been thinking of Uncle Sidney all day, and feel so queer about him. I wonder if he is coming home. You know he was father's half-brother and went to Brazil some twenty years ago and is said to have grown very wealthy. But for eighteen years no one has heard from him. I have wished so often that he would come and help us out of this trouble that I can think of nothing else. We have spent our last week for nothing, Jack; I guess old Nicholas Dietrich hid his gold where no one would find it," said Alice, and she dug her parasol down in the ground vengefully.

"Oh, we'll get along all right, Alice, with two housekeepers as you and mother, and what with an occasional concert, and perhaps an opera or two, I think we can pass a happy winter. We will try to be so, at least; eh, sister?"

"Yes. What is this, Jack? I dug it out of the ground with my parasol," and Alice picked up what looked like an old fashioned snuff-box. "Someone is without a snuff-box."

Jack took it, and after he had scraped the dirt from it, he tried to open it, but this was a difficult thing to do, and he had to work for some time.

"There it is, but there's no 'baccy' in it," laughed Jack. "But here is something—a little piece of paper. Let us see what it is."

And opening the little paper he found a puzzle—it looked so to him, at least—but what proved to be some very old German printing.

"It's nothing much but some marks on this paper," said Jack.

"It is not marks, it is German," replied Alice. "Let me see if I can make it out. Yes, here is

a 'G' and a 'b' and an 'n.' Now you write down what I tell you to, Jack, and we'll see what this says."

They worked and studied for some time, and when Alice had made out all she could, she looked at the paper Jack had and saw these words:

"Grub - n sie un - - r dem alt - - nuszbaum in de - gart - -."

"And these blanks are the ones I couldn't make out? Well, perhaps I can supply them. Just 'grub-en' might mean 'to dig,' and 'sie' means 'you,' and 'nuszbaum' means 'nut-tree,' and this 'gart' must be 'garden.'" Alice studied it over for some time, then with a little gasp she said:

"Jack, listen! We've found it! It means this: 'Dig under the nut-tree in the garden.' Quick, get a shovel and we'll dig the old tree right out by the roots, exclaimed the delighted girl, while Jack hurried away for a shovel.

He soon returned, and together they went to an old walnut tree in the garden. Jack set industriously to work, and in a short time the ground beneath the tree was dug up, and yet nothing had been found.

"Dig up closer to the roots," and when Jack obeyed this order, his shovel struck something hard and bounded back. He carefully took the dirt from around it and discovered it to be a good sized iron box. After some prying and lifting, the lid flew back and disclosed row after row of gold coins and a piece of paper which looked like a paper on top of them.

"From the looks, Alice, I should say we had struck a gold mine," said Jack to his sister, who was dancing around and laughing hysterically.

"Count it! Count it!" she cried, and they sat down where they were, when it came to them that they could not count it there, so shouldering the box, they started for Alice's room. They had just got to the stairs, when Mrs. Prescott and a strange man came from the parlor.

"My children, come here; I wish to introduce you to this gentleman," said their mother upon seeing them. Jack gave Alice a meaning look, while she nodded, and he set the box down on the stairs, and they went forward.

"Mr. Sidney Prescott, children," said Mrs. Prescott.

"Yes, your old wandering uncle has come back at last, and it seems just in good time. Your mother has been telling me your trouble, and I

respect you both for keeping up so bravely, for I can guess what it cost you to give up such a beautiful home. But there is no need of it now. Sid Prescott, who counts his money by the thousands, can pay for a home like this—that is, if I may stay with you?"

"Why, of course," they all exclaimed.

Mrs. Prescott then asked what was in the box on the stairs. Alice knew she had not need to keep it a secret now, so explained it all to them. The next day they counted it and found it amounted to some thirty thousand dollars; but Uncle Sidney would not hear of their keeping it, so it was returned to the descendants of old Nicholas Dietrich.

Mr. Taylor was paid, and all the other debts, also, by Uncle Sidney, who then turned all his property over to his sister-in-law and her children. In such a happy family was all that he cared for, and he was getting to be an old man now and would soon need some one to care for him.

'Tis needless to say he was given an honored place in the family circle, and the Prescotts again assumed their former style of living.

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